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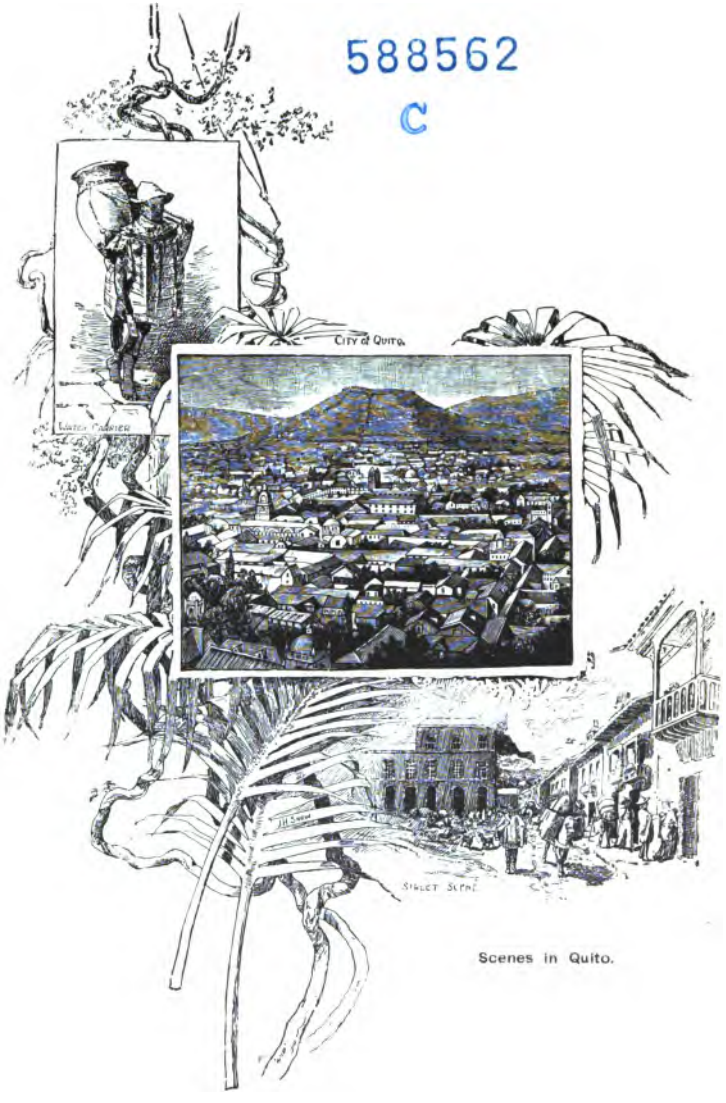
THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
AN ODD OLD CITY IN THE ANDES	W. E. CURTIS.	3
CARNIVAL IN LIMA	MARIA LOUISE WETMORE.	9
A VENEZUELAN RAILWAY	THOMAS L. STEDMAN.	13
THE LAND OF THE LLAMA	W. E. CURTIS.	18
AN EVENING IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST	A. B. BUCKLEY.	23
SOUTH AMERICAN GAMES	W. E. CURTIS.	28
A YOUNG AND GROWING MOUNTAIN	W. E. CURTIS.	33
IN THE GRAND PLAZA OF MEXICO	JOAQUIN MILLER.	38
THE BOYS OF MEXICO	T. S. VANDYKE.	46
THE SEA OF THE DISCOVERY	H. BUTTERWORTH.	49
HOUSEKEEPING ON A DESERT ISLAND	LADY BLAKE.	54
A TRIP TO SANTO DOMINGO	JULIA WARD HOWE.	60

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Scenes in Quito.

An odd old City in the Andes.

To reach Quito from the sea one must ride several days on muleback. The highway to the capital is not yet completed and only a bridle-path crosses the breast of Chimborazo at a height of fourteen thousand feet, so that the journey is one of great hardship and discomfort. Freight for the interior of Ecuador is carried upon the backs of mules or men, who travel twelve or fourteen hours a day, and take two or three weeks for the journey.

There are no hotels, but only filthy lodging-houses, in which a neat and nervous traveller would be very uncomfortable. There was no telegraph line until a few years ago, and it was useless most of the time at first, for the people cut down the poles for firewood, and stole the wire to repair their harnesses and panniers with.

But having once reached the capital of the Incas, one finds himself rewarded for his hardship and exposure, for the scenery is grander than can be found elsewhere, and the ancient city is so quaint and queer that it seems like entering another world.

Quito is at least two hundred years behind the times in almost every feature of civilization. There are no newspapers, and only one printing-office, which is owned and conducted by the government for the publication of official documents. It is so far removed from the rest of the world that the inhabitants seldom leave it, and people from the outside do not often go there.

The city is without a decent hotel, although there are forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, and strangers who want to be comfortable are compelled to stop with merchants, officials, or others to whom they have letters of introduction.

There is not a carriage or a wagon in the place, and only a few carts of the most primitive pattern, which look like the

pictures one sees in the illustrated Bibles of those used in the time of Moses.

The history of Quito has never been written, but the traditions make it as old as Jerusalem or Damascus. The Incas have traditions of a mighty nation called the Quitos, who lived there before their fathers came, but of whom the world has no other knowledge. All we know is that Pizarro found a magnificent capital of a mighty empire, extending three thousand miles, and as thickly settled as China or the interior of Europe, with beautiful palaces of stone, full of gold and silver and gems; but it was all destroyed.

The walls of the palace of Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, whose pathetic story Prescott has told in "The Conquest of Peru," now enclose a prison, and a gloomy convent stands upon the site of the famous Temple of the Sun.

Decay and dilapidation, poverty and ignorance, filth and depravity are the most conspicuous features of life in Quito, but the people are as vain and proud as if they had all the good things of the world, and think they have a grander city than London or New York. They know no better, and perhaps it is well that they do not. The only portion of the population who seem to be prosperous consists of the buzzards, the scavengers of the town, and as all the filth and refuse from the houses is pitched into the streets, they have plenty to do.

The men stand idly around the street corners, wrapped in their ponchos, for it is cool in the shade, and repulsive-looking beggars reach out their hands for alms to those who pass by. The women are seldom seen in the streets except on feast-days or early in the morning when they go to mass, and then they keep their faces so covered that it is impossible to tell one from another.

Soldiers are numerous, usually barefooted, and wearing uniforms of ordinary white cotton sheeting. Peons half-naked, and children entirely so, sleep or play in the sun, and Indian women clad in sombre black glide to and fro with their mantas drawn over their heads, or sit in the market-

place selling fruits and vegetables. Peddlers are numerous, and their shrill cries afford strangers amusement.

Water-carriers are always to be seen with great jars of clay, holding half a barrel, on their backs, going to and from the fountain in the plaza. There are no pipes or wells to supply the houses, and all the water used by the families has to be brought by the servants, or purchased from the public carriers at so much a gallon.

The city is traversed by deep ravines that are arched over with heavy masonry, on which the houses rest. All the streets are narrow, and carriages could scarcely pass upon them if there were any. The sidewalks are in proportion to the streets, and one wonders what they were made for, as two people could not possibly go abreast or pass each other upon them.

It is even difficult for one man to keep both feet upon the sidewalk without rubbing the whitewash off the walls of the houses, and the inhabitants, who are never guilty of any unnecessary exertion, have abandoned the effort, and walk in the road. The roofs of the houses, which are made of curved tiles, like sewer pipes cut lengthwise, reach over the pavements two or three feet, and water-spouts project still farther.

Few of the houses have windows looking upon the street on the ground floor, but are lighted from the inner courts. The second-story windows open upon balconies, where the ladies spend a good part of their time watching the passers-by and chatting with their neighbors.

Many of the houses, particularly those in the centre of the city, are large, and were once furnished with luxury and elegance, but are no longer so. The walls are thick, and the rooms are large. The lower floors are occupied by the servants and as stables for the horses and cattle, while the family live in the rooms above.

There is only one entrance, through which everybody and everything that enters the house must go, and at night it is closed with great oaken doors securely barred. There is no gas, but a law requires each householder to hang a lantern

over his door with a lighted candle in it. When the candles burn out at ten or eleven o'clock the streets are totally dark. The policemen carry lanterns and long pikes, and when the clocks strike the hours they call out, "Sereno! Sereno!" which means that "all is well." Therefore, the policemen are called "Serenos."

There are no fixed prices for anything in the stores. If you ask the cost of an article the merchant will reply, "How much will you give for it?" If you name a sum he will then ask twice or three times as much as you offer, and "negotio" with you. The women in the market will sell nothing by wholesale. If potatoes are a medio, six cents, a pound, every pound will be weighed out separately, no matter whether you buy two pounds or a bushel.

There is no money smaller than the quartillo, three cents, so the change is made in loaves of bread. On his way to market the buyer stops at the baker's and fills his basket with bread to make change with, so many rolls to the penny. Very few people have money, and those who have lack confidence in their neighbors, so everything has to be paid for in advance.

If you go to a market-woman and tell her you want such and such vegetables, she asks for your money. When you give it to her she hands you what you have bought. If you order a coat at the tailor's or boots at the shoemaker's, you have to pay for them in advance, for they may not have the means to get the materials at the wholesale store, and have no credit. The landlord at the hotel or at the boarding-house where you are staying, comes around every morning before he goes to market and asks you to pay your board for the day. Otherwise he could not buy food.

At the entrances of most of the houses are effigies of saints with candles burning before them, and all who enter must take off their hats and cross themselves. Service is going on in the churches almost continuously, and the air is filled with the clangor of bells from morning till night. No lady of quality goes to church without a servant following her, who

carries her prayer rug. There are no pews nor seats in the churches, but the floors are marked off in squares, which are rented like sittings. The servant lays the prayer rug down, the lady kneels upon it during her devotions, and at the close of the service the servant comes again to take it away.

Servants always go in droves. When you hire a cook you take her husband and the rest of her family to board, and they bring their dogs and rabbits, their pigs, their chickens and all their other property with them. The husband may be a peddler or a blacksmith, or he may be a soldier, but he continues to live with his wife when she goes out to service. The children of the family may be used for light duties, such as going on errands or watching the baby, and no extra pay is expected; but for every servant you hire you may depend upon having a dozen or more extra mouths to feed.

Sometimes the cook's relatives come to visit her, often half a dozen men, women and children, and stay a week or two. They also must be fed and taken care of, but are not so much trouble and expense as it might seem, for they are satisfied with beans, corn bread and a little potato soup to eat, and sleep on the floor of the kitchen, or on the straw in the stable.

There is not a stove or a chimney in all Quito. The weather is seldom cold enough to require a fire for heating purposes, and all the cooking is done with charcoal on a sort of shelf like a blacksmith's forge. There must be a different fire for every pot or kettle, and generally two persons to attend them, one with a pair of bellows and the other to keep the pots from tipping over, for they are made with rounded bottoms like a ginger-beer bottle. No laundry work is ever done in the house, but all the soiled clothes are taken to the nearest brook, washed in the cold running water and spread upon the stones to dry in the sun.

Very little water is used for drinking, for bathing, or for laundry purposes. There is a national prejudice against it. The people have a notion that water is unwholesome; that it causes dyspepsia if too much is taken into the stomach, and that a fever will result from too free use of it upon the skin.

Women seldom wash their faces, but wipe them with cloths, and then spread on a sort of plaster made of magnesia and the whites of eggs. When a person arrives from a journey, particularly if he has come from a lower to a higher altitude, he will not wash his face for several days for fear that the opening of the pores of his skin will result in cold and fever.

There are many doctors in Quito, and some of them are men of skill. There are drug stores, also, but when you go to one of them for medicine you are expected to take with you a bottle or a cup, or something else to bring it home in. The druggist has no stock of bottles, and never furnishes them to his customers. The reason for this is that all bottles have to be brought up the mountains from two to three weeks' journey on the backs of men, and are therefore very expensive.

The Indians constitute the laboring population, and they carry all their burdens on their backs. They do not seem to have any strength in their arms. A broad strap is passed around the forehead to sustain the load, and another around the shoulders. They generally take a slow trot when on a journey, which they can keep up for hours without tiring, even with a hundred pounds on their backs.

They never laugh nor sing, have no sports, no songs, no tales, but are sullen, morose, stupid, and submissive to all sorts of cruelty and oppression. The Spaniards have been hard masters, and three hundred and fifty years of cruel persecution and oppression have crushed out the spirit of the poor son of the Inca, so that he no longer smiles.

W. E. CURTIS.

Carnival in Lima.

The merry season of Carnival is prepared for by all Peruvians, several weeks in advance of the eventful period. Numberless cascarones, which are hollow shells, generally made of stearine or wax molded in forms of tiny cannon, bunches of grapes, fish, and other articles, are filled with diluted Florida water.

The cook saves all egg-shells whole, by blowing their contents out for culinary purposes, and then fills them with scented water.

In many families bushels of cascarones are laid away for Carnival warfare, and a thriving trade is worked up each year by manufacturers and venders of the missiles thrown in the three days given over to the sports and license of the season. The Sunday previous to Ash Wednesday opens the Carnival, and the exercises begin on that day soon after morning mass.

About noon every house seems converted into a fortress, the inmates constituting the belligerents. Senoras, senoritas and children hiding on balconies, peering out from behind screens, darting suddenly from all manner of strange places on the roofs, pelt cascarones at the passers-by, and the sticky pieces of shell, fastening themselves upon the face, hair and clothing of the victims, make them look like animated pieces of papier-mache.

The sweetness of the accompanying showers of delicate perfume hardly compensates for the rudeness. The cautious pedestrian, during Carnival, takes the middle of the street, and with an umbrella off the spring, ready to fly open in any direction, thinks himself well protected.

But suddenly some powerful syringe throws out a stream of water from an unsuspected source, and the sparkling drops fall around him in showers. His scowls and other



Carnival Fun in Lima.

demonstrations of displeasure avail nothing, and he has only to pass on to encounter, perhaps, a still more formidable drenching.

This amusing sport forms itself into a kind of thermometer, measuring the heat of temper in different individuals. The natives enjoy the fun thoroughly, running the gauntlet with unequalled skill, pelting back their tantalizing tormentors, when they get a chance, and, with their spirits on the crescendo, reach a height of enjoyment a less excitable people can hardly understand.

We were sitting in our hall by an open door one evening when the Carnival had just begun, as we felt the need of a little fresh air after the heat of the day, and were trusting to luck for our protection, when several friends gathered round us. I ought to explain that any gentleman, whether acquaintance or stranger, is fair game for any lady during this season. Almost before we were aware of it, we were objectively engaged in the Carnival.

We were reluctant to defend ourselves, as it was the Sabbath, and made a retreat as quickly as possible, thoroughly perfumed with Florida water administered by strangers passing, as well as by friends standing near.

Very early next morning our young people awoke in a high state of excitement over the expected festivities. Enough water lay secure in cascarones in our house to cause a deluge on a small scale.

I soon saw that a general demoralization of the family had taken place, and that our patience would have to be maintained through much tribulation. Before the hour for breakfast the clothing of each child was thoroughly soaked, and soon after breakfast they were saturated again.

At eleven o'clock this wild sport was, by an accident of the play, shifted to a neighboring native house, all the family taking an active part. The throwing of water was not confined to the garden; rooms handsomely furnished, and halls richly carpeted, were thrown open regardless of the damage that would result from the play.

The actors, dressed in bathing costumes, employed their skill and inventive faculties for many an hour, and surprised each other with all manner of curious ways of applying the water. The Carnival had resolved itself into a mimic battle.

According to the custom of the country, after the conflict was over and the participants had changed their clothing, the lady of the house served a lunch, over which a truce was established for a few hours.

Tuesday night being the last of the Carnival proper, the excitement reaches its greatest height. Foreigners as well as natives, completely drawn under the influence of the absurd custom, enter into the sport with energy.

Collected on the balconies and tops of the flat-roofed houses, they not only drench each other, but throw buckets full of water upon unfortunate persons passing by on the pavement. Those who think themselves safe in passing at a distance are reached by the aid of a hose. Bright-colored paints are also brought into requisition.

Some idea of the utter abandon of everybody at this time may be gained from the following incident: A day or two before Carnival a young lady anticipated the occasion by playing a little trick upon her dentist.

He was putting a neat filling of gold into a tooth — one of those delicate and difficult pieces of work of which a dentist is so proud — and was performing the most delicate part of his task, when the young lady quietly passed her arm around him, and bringing her hand up to his ear burst a cascarone into it! He said it sounded like a thunder-clap.

The water ran down his ear and neck; his nerves received a shock as from an electric battery. The job of dentistry was spoiled, the work had to be done over again, and the father had an increased bill to pay. But this was Carnival fun and the parties were obliged to laugh and make the best of it.

MARIA LOUISE WETMORE.

A Venezuelan Railway.

There are few more interesting engineering achievements than the little narrow-gage railroad running to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, from its seaport, La Guayra. The distance between the two cities, as the crow flies,—supposing for the moment that he could fly straight through the mountain,—is only six miles; but the railway connecting them is twenty-three miles in length, and constantly twists and turns on itself.

The road runs in zigzag fashion up the mountain to an altitude of about fifty-one hundred feet above its starting point, and then descends some fifteen hundred feet in the same manner into the valley of Caracas.

Twenty-two thousand rails were used in laying the track, and of these over eighteen thousand are bent. It is jestingly said that the engineer almost died of a broken heart, because he could invent no excuse for bending the remaining four thousand. He did his best, however, and no one who has to ride over the road, and finds himself shaken at every one of the three hundred and forty-six sharp twists which the track makes, will find it in his heart to condemn the poor man for not making a perfect job.

Two passenger trains each way pass over the road daily, leaving La Guayra at half-past eight in the morning, and at half-past three in the afternoon, making the journey in two hours and a half. This is a speed, exclusive of stops, of not quite ten miles an hour.

Each train consists of a locomotive, a baggage-car, and two or three passenger coaches about the size of a street-car in Northern cities. The seats run lengthwise through the car—an arrangement necessitated by the narrow gage of the road.

The fare for the twenty-three miles is two dollars and a half first-class, and one dollar and sixty cents second. The

accommodations are equally bad in the cars of the two classes; the only visible difference between the two is that the first-class car is the less crowded.

The locomotive is a queer little machine, about the size of a dirt-cart. It has no bell, but the obliging engineer atones for this deficiency by keeping up an almost continuous whistling.

As we leave the little station at La Guayra, we take a serpentine course for about a mile through cocoanut groves along the sea. Why the road does not take a straight course through this first portion of the way, the constructor only knows, for the ground is perfectly level, and there are no obstructions more serious than a cocoanut palm or a banana plant.

After writhing along the beach for a short time, we suddenly make a sharp turn, and then begins the climb up the face of the mountain.

Up, up, up we go, turning now to the right and again to the left, then making what seems to be an almost complete circle, now passing through a tunnel — where we are nearly stifled by the hot air and gases from the engine, which sweep through the open cars, carrying with them cinders that burn holes in the clothes, or raise blisters where they touch the unprotected skin. Then we emerge from the hole in the mountain-side in a place where we appear to be on the point of jumping over the precipice one or two thousand feet sheer down into the water that laps its base.

But we forget for a moment the constructor's passion for curves. We make two or three short turns, as if uncertain of our course, and then hoist sharply round, and go back the way we came. As we look down from the car window we see the track over which we have just passed about fifty feet from us, and directly beneath us.

Suddenly we stop. We wonder what has happened, for there is no house in sight, and it would be difficult indeed for any one to find a spot on which to perch a house, so steep is the declivity. The only thing visible except trees and rocks

is a large iron pipe running over wooden supports through a small ravine; and now we see that it carries water for the



A Venezuelan Railway.

refreshment of our thirsty little engine. Six times we stop in this way in our wild dance up the mountain-side, to take breath and water our engine, until we cross the highest point

and begin to slide down to Caracas. In going down the mountain on either side gravity is the only propulsive force employed, steam being kept up only to work the brakes and prevent too rapid a descent.

There is but one station, apart from the watering places, between La Guayra and Caracas, and this the railroad people have most appropriately named Zigzag. Here the trains from opposite directions meet and pass each other.

As soon as the engine has filled its boiler, it gives one long shriek of warning, the passengers climb into the little cars, and we follow once more the giddy wake.

The scenery, as viewed from the window of our car, is grand; but in order to enjoy it thoroughly one must possess strong nerves. At our feet, a thousand metres below, we see a faint streak, which is the narrow beach on which La Guayra lies. The houses in the town look like dice, and the men and donkeys in the streets have become invisible.

Beyond, stretching away to the horizon, now vastly extended by reason of our elevation, we see the sparkling blue waters of the West Indian Ocean. A mere speck which we can hardly discern on the surface of the sea is the ship which brought us to this coast, and which left for the chilly north an hour before we began our cloudward climb.

If we turn and look ahead, we see the mountain rising up ever higher and higher until its peak is lost in the cloud that always clings to it, as if fearful of trusting itself to fly alone and without support over the distant ocean.

The air, which was so hot and sultry on the coast, is growing more and more fresh as we ascend, and it becomes almost chilly as the cloud hugging the mountain-top receives us, and draws the curtain which hides from our view the beauties of nature as well as the dangers which encompass us.

Dangerous as the ascent of the mountain appears to be, and really is, accidents are fortunately rare, owing to the constant vigilance exercised by the officials of the road over every foot of the track. Landslides do occasionally take place, nevertheless, and no amount of watchfulness can prevent them,

or even give warning of their occurrence. Fortunately they have never yet happened to strike a train. The road-bed in many places is a mere scratch in the side of the mountain, barely wide enough to permit the passage of the narrow cars. The outer rail is often laid within a few inches of the edge of the precipice, so that in looking from the window one sees nothing but the bottom of the ravine hundreds of feet below.

While the road was building, it was frequently found necessary to lower men by long ropes from above until they could make for themselves a foothold by means of pick and shovel.

When one realizes how much labor and money have been expended in forcing this way through almost inconceivable natural obstacles, it seems indeed a pity that such a triumph of engineering skill should be doomed to an ephemeral existence; but already the freight and passenger traffic taxes the capacity of the road to its utmost, and if the present rate of increase continues, it will be but a very few years before it will be utterly unable to handle it.

Work is already being rapidly pushed forward by an American company on a new route between La Guayra and Caracas, which is to pass under the mountain through a tunnel four miles in length. The cars on this new road will be hauled by cable power up a ten per cent. gradient, and will carry freight and passengers from one city to the other in less than half an hour.

THOMAS L. STEDMAN.

The Land of the Llama.

If I should hear of any one intending to visit Bolivia for pleasure, I should offer him the advice that Mr. Punch gave to young people about to marry — "Don't;" for the settled portion of that republic is almost as inaccessible as the interior of Africa, and there is but little to learn or see when it is finally reached.

But to a traveller who is in search of experience I would recommend the journey, for there is no other part of the world where one can get so much experience or so great a variety in so short a time, and for the same amount of money.

First there is the voyage from New York to Aspinwall, which in the summer season is comfortable and pleasant; next the trip by rail over the famous Panama road across the Isthmus, when one of the commodious vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company is taken, and the traveller lives a sort of picnic life for the next three weeks, until the port of Mollendo is reached.

The waters of the South Pacific are always smooth, the weather is always fair during the dry season, the scenery is sublime, the temperature is never too hot nor too cool, and as long as you remain under the awnings or in the protection of some other shade, the breezes from the ocean or the Andes temper the tropic heat.

The ship stops at all the ports along the coast, often dropping anchor two or three times a day, and giving the passenger an opportunity to go ashore and inspect all of the quaint towns and villages, each one of which ordinarily offers some new and novel adventure. I can suggest no more agreeable or interesting voyage than that between Panama and Valparaiso.

Mollendo is about two-thirds of the way. There passengers for Bolivia leave the ship and take a railway, which was

built and is still managed by an enterprising Boston Yankee. The conveniences of travel by this line have not reached so high a state of perfection as are found upon those which run between New York, Philadelphia and Boston, but it is a great improvement upon muleback-riding over a thirsty desert and through the dizzy passes of the Andes.

This railroad is remarkable for running nearer the stars than almost any other railway, for where it passes over the western range of the Andes, into the great basin of the southern continent, the track is fourteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea, and the only higher point at which a wheel was ever turned by steam is where another Peruvian railway tunnels the Andes. No other long road can show an equal amount of excavation, nor such massive embankments, and the engineering difficulties overcome in its construction were enormous.

Along the side of the track for a distance of eighty-five miles is an iron pipe, eight inches in diameter, which conducts water from the springs in the mountains for the engines and for the use of the people that dwell in the desert. On the other side of this desert is the city of Arequipa, whose name signifies the place of rest, although it is more subject to earthquakes and political revolutions than any other place in Peru, and human or natural agencies are raising a commotion all the while.

The former terminus of the railway was at Puno, a little town of five thousand inhabitants, at an elevation of twelve thousand five hundred feet; but it has been carried farther up the great basin, and extended through a pass in the eastern range of the Cordilleras, and down the slopes to the headwaters of the Amazon.

To reach La Paz, the former seat of government and capital of Bolivia, one must cross Lake Titicaca, that strange and bottomless sheet of water, one of whose islands was the legendary Eden of the Incas, and around whose shores clustered the prehistoric cities which the brutal Spaniards destroyed. Here one may take a steamer, at any rate that is what the

people call it, although it would amuse a North American shipwright, and usually excites a nervous apprehension in the minds of timid travellers.

If one does not care to board this unique craft, or if he wishes to depart from the regular route of travel and make a cruise among the ruined cities of the Incas, he can hire what is called a balsa, a curious combination of raft, flatboat and catamaran, which is propelled by a large sail made of skins and by long poles.

Reaching the southern point of the lake, the rest of the journey, wherever one may be going, must be made on muleback along the ancient highway of the Incas, which was constructed centuries before the conquest, and is perhaps the most remarkable of the many remains of that remarkable race. The Spaniards have done little to improve it since they have had control of the country, more than three hundred and fifty years, but it is still in a pretty good state of preservation, and is continually trodden by parties of travellers, battalions of troops and droves of llamas, often thousands in number, laden with the products of the forests and mines of Bolivia.

As the camel is to the people of the deserts of Asia and Africa, so is the llama to those who dwell in the Andes; a faithful, patient and enduring beast, without which the inhabitants would be utterly helpless, for mules and horses can neither survive the climate nor climb the mountain trails.

But the llamas one sees in Bolivia are as much unlike the animals shown in the zoological gardens as the tiger in the jungles of India is unlike his namesake that growls and yawns in a circus cage.

Their bodies are covered with a soft, thick gray wool like that of the merino sheep, their giraffe-like necks are proudly and gracefully curved, their eyes are large, lustrous, intelligent, and have an expression of constant inquiry. Their ears are shapely, and quiver continually, like those of a high-mettled stallion, as if to catch the first sound of approaching danger.

The llama to me is a most fascinating study. While he is

docile, obedient and enduring, there is always an air of suspicion or distrust about him, and a silent dignity that forbids an intimate acquaintance. He carries his load of one hundred pounds of ore, or coca, or cinchona, or other merchandise, up and down the precipitous pathways where no other beast of burden can go, and where it is difficult for man to follow. But when



Llamas descending the Mountain.

he is overloaded he resents it, and lies down. No amount of coaxing or bullying or beating can get him to his feet until the surplus is removed from his back, when he rises solemnly and marches off with his load. He will carry a hundred pounds, but no more, and his cargo is packed in sacks, or panniers, one-half on either side.

Therefore all freight subject to this mode of transportation must be packed accordingly, and limited to packages of fifty pounds.

When frightened, llamas always cluster in groups, with their tails together and their heads out to meet the enemy; and their only weapon of defence is their saliva, which, when angry, they squirt through their teeth in showers, as a Chinese laundryman sprinkles his clothes.

A drop of this saliva, falling in the ear or eye or mouth, or on any part of the body where the skin is broken, will instantly produce a most painful irritation, and often dangerous sores, like the venom of a serpent. The llama-drivers keep away from the heads of their animals as carefully as a colored man from the heels of a mule.

When they lie down they fold their long, slender legs under them in some mysterious manner, and chew their cud with an air of abstract contemplation and absolute content.

The kids afford excellent food, but the bodies of the old llamas are masses of muscle, tendon and gristle that are tough and rank. They live to a great age, subsist upon almost anything in the shape of food, and have as powerful a digestive apparatus as a goat or an ostrich.

In these elevated regions, as I have said, it is difficult for either horses or mules to exist, the air being too thin for them. Horses are seldom seen, and mules are kept only for the accommodation of travellers, and their nostrils are split so as to make it easier for them to breathe.

When a horse is brought into the high altitudes of the Andes the blood starts from his mouth, ears and nose, and men are often affected in the same way. The disease is known as "sirroche," and sometimes is fatal. The natives, having been born and bred at this great elevation, are no more affected by the rarity of the atmosphere than the negroes of the Brazilian swamps are by the heat.

W. E. CURTIS.

An Evening in a Brazilian Forest.

Let us wander in imagination through a Brazilian forest, just as the burning heat of day is passing into the cool of evening. As yet nature seems asleep, and a solemn silence reigns under the shade of the colossal forest trees, some nearly two hundred feet high; the Brazil nut and monkey-cup trees, the king-tree and the cow-tree, which spread their vast cupolas of foliage over the smaller cecropias; tree-ferns and palms which, though smaller, are some of them from fifty to a hundred feet high.



By and by, as we look up into the branches of a cecropia-tree, we see a hairy mass resting in the fork between a bough and the trunk, and barely visible, so like is the tint of the hair to the lichens and dead-brown mosses which clothe the bark. This mass is a sloth, grasping the bough firmly with his clawed feet, as he sleeps through the heat of the day. It is only when the cool of evening sets in that he will wake up to feed, and move quickly along from tree to tree, grappling each branch as he goes with his twisted feet, and using his long arms and supple wrists to reach to the tips of the boughs for tender growing shoots, which he tears off and stuffs into his mouth to chew them with his feeble back teeth.

To see him on the ground when he has to cross an open space, you would think him a poor creature at best, for his ankles are so twisted that he can only tread on the side of his feet. His toes are joined, and he has three on each foot, armed with long claws very inconvenient to tread upon, and his arms

are so much longer than his legs that he is obliged to drag himself along on his elbows.



A Brazilian Forest.

But when once he has hoisted himself aloft again, these strange limbs serve him well. The twisted ankles enable his long claws to take a firm hold of the branches, his long

arms reach for his food, and his long, unwieldy neck, which has more joints than in other mammals, allows him to throw his head backward to seek for food. He has no front teeth, but his sharp claws do the work instead; and his back teeth, though they have neither enamel nor roots, continue to grow up from below as they are worn away above.

In this way the sloth makes the most of the very primitive body which he has inherited from his ancestors, which stood very low in the scale of mammals, and if he could relate the history of his forefathers it would be a very interesting one.

First he would tell us that he belongs to a feeble and dying group of creatures who wander few and far between in distant parts of the world; and that while he has two very distant relations — the ant-bear and the armadillo — roaming about the forests near him, we must travel right across the sea to South Africa to find the other two branches of the family stem, the aardvarks and pangolins.

It is toward nightfall that we must look for his American compatriots as, leaving the thicker parts of the forest, we wander toward the banks of the River Amazon or some smaller stream. There we may see creeping along in the dark a large, gray, hairy animal about four feet and a half long, with black-colored throat and shoulders and a line of thick hair along his back, ending in a bushy tail three feet long, which drags behind him on the ground.

His front feet are twisted so that he walks upon the edge instead of the sole, and his thin, tube-like, toothless snout almost touches the ground as he moves along, his thread-like tongue protruded at intervals, as though to test the objects he passes.

This shambling, heavy-going creature is the great ant-bear,* and he is in search of ant-hills and termite (or white ant) mounds, for these animals are his chief food, as he thrusts into their homes his long, flexible tongue, covered with sticky moisture, bringing out thousands at each thrust.

His toothless mouth, his imperfect collar-bone and his

* Myrmecophaga jubata.

twisted, clawed feet with united toes, all show that he belongs to the same low group as the sloth.

But our wonder ceases when we learn how strong the great ant-bear is. The muscles of his arms and shoulders are so powerful that he can hug his enemies to death, while his strong claws once dug into the flesh never loose their hold. Therefore, although he has no teeth, he can defend himself even against the jaguar; and he does not fear to wander freely and rifle the ant-nests of the South American forests, just as his distant relation, the pangolin, with like twisted feet and toothless mouth, feeds on termites in South Africa, protected not by strength, but by scaly armor.

Then is the time that the howling monkeys make the forest resound with their cries, and croaking frogs, chirping cicadas, chattering parrots and yelping toucans raise a very Babel of sounds, soon after sunset. It is at this hour, or perhaps rather later, when the evening chatter has sunk to rest, that the tatou, or great armadillo, about three feet long, begins to wander, feeding upon fallen fruits, or digging deep burrows with his long, powerful claws in search of roots and grubs. He alone of the American "Edentata," or imperfect-toothed animals, walks on the soles of all four feet, and in this, as in many other ways, more resembles the aardvark, or ant-eater of South Africa, than his companions in America.

But all this time our dreamy sloth is waiting to tell us the history of the past, and how it happens that he and his comrades have distant connections so far away as South Africa, and yet none in other parts of the world. If he could speak, he would boast with pride, as others have done before him, that there was once a time when his family spread far over the face of the earth; when from India, Greece and France to the Mississippi Valley, Nebraska and California, animals with imperfect teeth and immense claws wandered not in trees, but on the ground.

This was in hot Miocene times, when they were among the highest animals living on the globe; but as time went on, and higher and stronger creatures — elephants and buffaloes, lions,

tigers, leopards and others — killed them, or drove them out of the great continent, the remainder found homes in South Africa and South America. Then came the time when, cut off from the world to the north, huge ground-sloths* as large as elephants ruled supreme in South America, walking on their twisted forefeet, and instead of climbing trees, tore them up by the roots to feed on their foliage. And with these gigantic animals were others, nine feet long,† the ancestors of the armadillos, with armor-plates not movable, but formed into a solid shield, while to complete the group an ancient form of the ant-bear‡ bore them company.

For long ages these monsters flourished, and much later on left their bones in the bone-caves of Brazil, where, mingled with more modern bones of sloth, armadillo and ant-bear, they tell the history of the past. And then they died out; and as the great Brazilian forests flourished and overspread the land, the sloth and smaller ant-bears took refuge in an arboreal life, while the great ant-bear trusted to his powerful limbs, and the armadillo to his plated armor, for protection in their nightly wanderings; and thus they remained to tell of an ancient and once powerful race, now leading a secluded life in South American wilds.

ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

* Megatherium, etc. † Glyptodon. ‡ Glossotherium.

South American Games.

The boys and girls of South America have many of the same amusements that occupy the time of their cousins in the northern half of the hemisphere. Displays of toys are seen in the shop windows of Santiago and Lima and Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, that remind one of the attractions of the New York stores at holiday times, and the imported playthings come from the same places where ours are made,—from France, Switzerland and Germany.

The boys have rocking-horses, and tin locomotives, and lead soldiers; and the girls have dolls, and tiny sets of china, exactly like those sold in Boston and Chicago, and they play with them in the same way. The Spanish-Americans are an amusement-loving people, and gratify the wishes of their children with quite as much liberality and extravagance as the Yankees.

The South American children play "Hide and Seek," too, but they call it "Juego de Escondite;" they have picnics, which they call "Meriendes;" and "Gallinita Ciega," which is a sort of "Blind Man's Buff," only it is usually played in the patios or courtyards around which the houses are built, and not within doors.

They play "Pussy-wants-a-corner," which is called "El Juego de las Cuatro Esquinas;" tag and cross-tag; the girls have skipping ropes (Cuerda para saltar).

They also have a game called "Frio y Caliente," like our "Cold and Hot." One member of the party is sent out of the room. Those who remain select some object, a door-knob, or a picture, or some article of furniture, which is to be detected by the one who is "It," as they say. As the "It" approaches the article selected, the party cry "caliente," which signifies that he is close to it, and when he goes in the opposite direction they cry "frio," which means cold.

Sometimes the piano is used, and the performer plays louder as the "It" goes away from the article, and softer as he approaches near, until finally when his hands touch it the music ceases, and some one else takes his turn.

Dolls are called "Munecas" in Spanish, and their clothes are "Vestidos." The boys have tops that are called "Trompos;" pop-guns called "Tiraballes;" and marbles that are called "Metras" in the northern countries, and "Bolletas" in Peru and Chile. They usually play marbles in a ring, with a hole in the centre. If the player gets his own alley into the hole he loses it, but if he knocks the alley of some other boy into the hole it is his. They play with a row of holes, too, placing a marble in each, and then try to knock it out by dropping their own upon it.

There is a tree in the tropical countries that produces hard, round nuts like marbles. They are called "Jaboncillos," and the boys use them in preference to marbles made of clay.

The indoor games are comparatively few, as the weather in most of the South American countries is so mild that the children can spend most of their time out-of-doors.

They have bull-fights in imitation of those attended by their fathers and mothers, one boy acting as the bull, and the others teasing him as the "toreadors" and "matadors" torment the real animals, and when the time comes the bull is killed and dragged out by a pair of boys harnessed up like horses.

The military spirit is developed early, and the boys organize companies with drums, and tin swords, and wooden guns, and wear uniforms which their mothers make for them. Political parties are found also among the boys as among their fathers, and revolutions occur frequently, which are called "Pronunciamentos."

Baseball is not played as it is in the United States, but the European game of "handball," or "Peloto," as they call it, is common. The ball is thrown against a wall and then struck with the palm of the hand as it rebounds, the object being to keep it from the ground as long as possible. The

player who keeps the ball in the air, between his hand and the wall, the longest time, wins. Grown men play hand-ball, and have courts built for the purpose.

Tennis is as common as in this country. Once in Santiago, Chile, I called at the house of a Presbyterian missionary, and

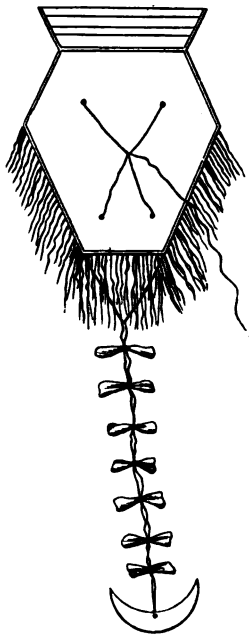


"Bull-Fighting."

was told that he could be found in Cousino Park. I followed him there, and discovered him engaged with the principal of a mission school and a party of ladies playing tennis on the lawn.

The South Americans do not play "tenpins" with ten pins, but with three. The centre pin, or king, as they term it, counts twelve if it is knocked down, and the others six each. The game is called "Bollo." A game peculiar to Central America is "Cereas." A bowl is made of beeswax with a convex bottom, and balls of beeswax are thrown to knock it down. Quoits are common, and "duck and drake,"

which is played with stones, as it is in this country. The kite is a popular toy all over Central and South America, even more popular than in the United States, and is called "El Cometa,"—the comet. Some of the kites are made as ours are, but others are peculiar. The shape is usually a hexagon, the sticks are bamboo, and the covering tissue-paper. When a boy wants to show his artistic taste, he ornaments his kite with a fringe of tissue-paper around the bottom, as is shown in the accompanying sketch; and if he be musical he extends the sticks above the paper at the top and stretches across them strips of hide, which in a strong breeze give a beautiful sound like an Æolian harp.



A musical chord can be made by loosening or tightening the strings, as shown in the illustration. The surface of the kite is often painted to represent the face of a man, when the fringe around the sides has the appearance of a beard, and is trimmed accordingly.

Sometimes a tin knife cut in the shape of a crescent, with the inner edge sharpened, is attached to the tail, and the boy who is flying it tries to cut the strings of other kites that happen to be in the air around his. A good deal of skill is often shown in attacking or in escaping from these "pirates," as the knife-tail kites are called.

A popular game that is played both indoors and out is called "Tanganillo y Chito," the prop and the money. A ring is drawn upon the floor or upon the ground, about a yard in diameter, and a section of a broomstick or bamboo, twelve or eighteen inches long, is set up in the centre, with a penny

or any other coin on the top. The players stand off a certain distance, and by throwing pennies endeavor to knock the coin from the top of the stick. If it falls within the ring the player loses and forfeits a penny. If it falls without the ring it is his.

"La Tira, la Eloja," can only be translated, "to jerk, to slacken." It is played with a large napkin, or a small sheet, or a table-cloth. Four persons hold the corners tightly in their fingers, and a fifth, who is called "the director," stands by. He gives orders in rapid succession, but the players are expected to do exactly contrary to his commands. For example, when he shouts, "Jerk!" they are to slacken and let the sheet hang loosely between them. When he shouts, "Slacken!" they are to jerk and hold the sheet taut until the next order is heard. When a player obeys orders instead of violating them he is required to pay a forfeit, and some other member of the party steps up to take his place.

It will be discovered that the natural inclination of the human will is to submit; and only one who has great self-control can remain long at the sheet.

The last one acts as judge, and like the goddess of justice is blindfolded. Then the fun is renewed, for as the forfeits are held up one by one before him, he is to pronounce the penalty without knowing whether the owner is young or old, male or female. He may require some venerable patriarch to squeal like a pig or go around the room on his hands and knees, or some child of six to deliver an oration.

W. E. CURTIS.

A Young and Growing Mountain.

Down on the coast of Central America, in the little Republic of Salvador, so near the ocean that it may be seen from the decks of passing ships, is a mountain that grows.

There is another remarkable fact about Izalco, as the mountain is called, for it is not only increasing in height all the time, but it is the most violent and constant of all volcanoes. Every little while, from one year's end to the other, it spouts vast quantities of fire, lava and ashes, which fall in a shower, and wrap its sides for a thousand feet below the summit with a blanket of living coals.

It is impossible to conceive a grander spectacle than is presented at night to the passengers upon ships that go that way. No one goes to bed on the steamer till the mountain is out of sight. Travellers go a long distance to see it, and are always willing to admit that the journey repaid them.

The mountain rises nearly seven thousand feet, and as its base is almost in the sea it looks much higher. An immense plume of smoke ascends from the crater. The incessant bursts of flame, mounting five hundred feet every little while, can be seen for more than a hundred miles in clear weather. The mountain has been called "the lighthouse of Salvador," and the shipping on the coast needs no other beacon so far as the mountain can be seen.

Around the base of the volcano are productive sugar plantations, with a railway running through them. Then comes a wide strip of timber—an almost impenetrable forest, whose foliage is perpetual and of the darkest green. Beyond the forest, and between the timber line and the summit, is a belt of ashes and lava which is constantly receiving accessions from the crater, and every few minutes changes from a livid yellow, when the ashes are hot, to a silver-gray, as they begin to cool.

At night the effect is very fine. At each eruption there is a violent explosion, like the discharge of a thousand cannon, and afterward a terrible rumbling is heard beneath the surface of the earth.

Izalco arose suddenly from a plain in the spring of 1770, in the midst of what had been for nearly a hundred years a profitable sugar plantation. The owner, Don Balthazar Erazo, was absent on a visit to Spain at the time, and was greatly amazed on his return to discover that his farm had been exchanged, without his knowledge or consent, for a first-class volcano.

It was in December, 1769, that the peons on the plantation first noticed that something was wrong underneath. Although they were accustomed to "tremblors," as slight earthquakes are called, they became frightened at the unusual rumblings and growlings in the bowels of the earth. They decided to leave the place, and got away not a moment too soon. A few days later, when some of the most venturesome went back to see how the animals were getting on, they discovered that all the buildings had been destroyed, that great trees had been uprooted and large craters had opened in the fields, from which came smoke and flames, but apparently there had been no great eruption as yet.

A party of shepherds, braver than the rest, decided to remain in the neighborhood and await developments; and on the 23d of February, 1770, they were entertained by a spectacle that perhaps no other men were ever permitted to witness — the birth of a mountain. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, as they afterward said, when the grand upheaval took place.

First came a series of terrific explosions which lifted the crust of the earth in a pile several hundred feet high, and from the opening issued flames and lava, with masses of smoke.

An hour or two after there was another and a grander convulsion, which shook the country for hundreds of miles around, and did great damage in the neighboring towns.

Rocks weighing thousands of tons were lifted high in the air, and fell several miles distant. The surface of the earth bulged up nearly three thousand feet, and vast masses of rocks were piled up around the crater from which they issued.

These terrible earthquakes continued for several days, and great damage was done in the neighboring States of Nicaragua and Honduras, as well as in San Salvador.

The volcano was a healthy and vigorous child. In less than two months, from a level field arose a mountain more than four thousand feet high. The discharges from the crater from that time to this have accumulated around the edges until the pile has reached nearly seven thousand feet, and it is still growing. Unfortunately the growth of the monster has not been scientifically observed or accurately measured. It would be difficult to measure it, for the surface of the cone, down to two thousand feet from the summit, is always covered with hot lava over which no man could climb, and the fumes of sulphur would suffocate one if the heat could be endured.

Within view of the city of San Salvador are eleven great volcanoes, one other beside Izalco being constantly active, while the others are subject to occasional eruptions.

The nearest peak is the Mountain of San Salvador, which is about eight thousand feet high and shows to great advantage as it rises abruptly from the plain. It is only three miles from the city to the base of the mountain, but the sides are so broken by monstrous gorges and projecting cliffs that it is almost impossible to climb it.

The summit is crowned by a cone of ashes and lava that fell there centuries ago; but since the spring of 1854, when the most serious earthquake the country has known took place, the crater has been extinct, and is now filled with a lake of clear, cold water.

Lying to the seaward of the volcanoes, and not far from the city of San Salvador, is a forest of balsam-trees about six hundred square miles in extent, which is inhabited by a curious race of Indians. These people are little altered from

their primitive condition, and are permitted to remain there undisturbed and enjoy the profits derived from the sale of balsam.

The forest is full of foot-paths which are so intricate as to baffle strangers who try to enter, and it is not safe to make the



The Volcano of Izalco.

attempt, as the Indians, peaceable enough when they come out to mingle with the other inhabitants of the country, violently resent any intrusion into their stronghold. They keep their common earnings in a treasure-box, to be distributed by the old men among the families as their necessities require.

There is a prevailing impression that the tribe has an

enormous sum of money in its possession, since its earnings are large and the wants of the people are few. The surplus existing at the end of each year is supposed to be buried in a sacred spot with religious ceremonies. These Indians, who are temperate and industrious, are known to history as the Nahuatls, but are commonly spoken of as "Balsimos."

Although San Salvador is the smallest in area of the group of Central American Republics, and smaller than Massachusetts, it is the most prosperous, the most enterprising and the most densely populated, having about as many inhabitants as Connecticut. The natives are engaged not only in agriculture, but quite extensively in manufactures.

They are more energetic and industrious than the people in other parts of Central America, and gain wealth rapidly; but the constantly recurring earthquakes and political disturbances keep the country poor.

San Salvador has always taken the lead in the political affairs of Central America. It was the first to throw off the yoke of Spain. After several ineffectual attempts to gain independence, the Salvadorian Congress, by an act passed on the 2d of December, 1822, resolved to annex the little province to the United States, and provided for the appointment of commissioners to proceed to Washington and ask its incorporation in the great republic.

Before the commissioners could leave the country the revolutions in the other Central American States had become too formidable to suppress. The five states joined in a confederacy one year after the act of annexation to the United States was passed, and the resolution was never officially submitted to our government.

W. E. CURTIS.

In the Grand Plaza of Mexico.

Here stood Montezuma's mighty temple to the Sun. Much allowance must be made, of course, for the vivid imaginations of the Spanish historians in the romantic days of the discovery and conquest of the New World; but even to this day, and right here on and about the great plaza you see unimpeachable testimony to this heathen temple's storied splendor.

This grand plaza is still, as it was when Cortez first entered it as the invited guest of the great Indian city, the heart of Mexico. The palace built, or rather begun, by Cortez, stands on the eastern side of the great square. This palace is the largest in the world. It is not the finest palace in the world, but it is the broadest; covering more acres of ground than any other palace or public building of any sort that I have seen in all my travels. It is a low and ugly edifice, and is built for the most part out of the stones of the overthrown temple to the Sun.

Every Monday morning all Mexico, or at least all the idle and curious and pleasure-seeking portion of Mexico, and that is a large portion of the citizens, comes to this plaza to hear the band play and see the troops deploy before the palace. The president and his officers, all in brilliant uniforms, sit or stand on the upper balcony of the palace, and review the troops. There are always many ladies with the president and his officers,—many of them American ladies,—and there is often much cheering and patriotic enthusiasm. The music is very good, as in all Latin lands.

The Mexican soldier, as seen here at these costume parades, is a queer, pitiful little fellow, and he is still more queer and pitiful as you see him out of the city marching up and down the country.

It is the policy of Mexico to keep her soldiers constantly moving about. And as the Mexican soldier nearly always has

his wife and children with him, he cuts a queer figure when marching up and down the country from town to town. At such times he is always barefooted; and at best, he has, as a rule, only wooden sandals to wear. When marching in the country he generally has his pantaloons and coat rolled up and tied in a bundle along with his blanket and provisions. His bundle the wife generally has on her head as she trots along at his side.



The poor little brown soldier, his naked skin glistening like polished copper in the sun, nearly always has a child in his arms. Their affection for their little brown children is beautiful, indeed. I have often seen a barefooted soldier struggling along with a whole little family—except the wife—in his arms or on his back. As night approaches and the troops are nearing the place to camp, the women go on before with their burdens on their heads and their babies on their backs, and make fires and prepare the scanty meal; while the poor little brown soldiers trim up their irregular lines a bit, and enter camp with a show of discipline under the sharp orders of the handsome officers.

When the bands play in the grand plaza and the troops deploy, and the glistening brass cannon rumble and trundle over the big cobblestones, you see thousands of women and



The Cathedral of Mexico.

children on the edge of the square watching it all with intense delight. For to many of them this is their first glimpse of the great palace, and the president of Mexico.

After an hour of rather awkward parade over the ugly cobblestones and under the eye of the president, one regiment after another is permitted to melt away, and drop out in a "go as you please" march again for the country.

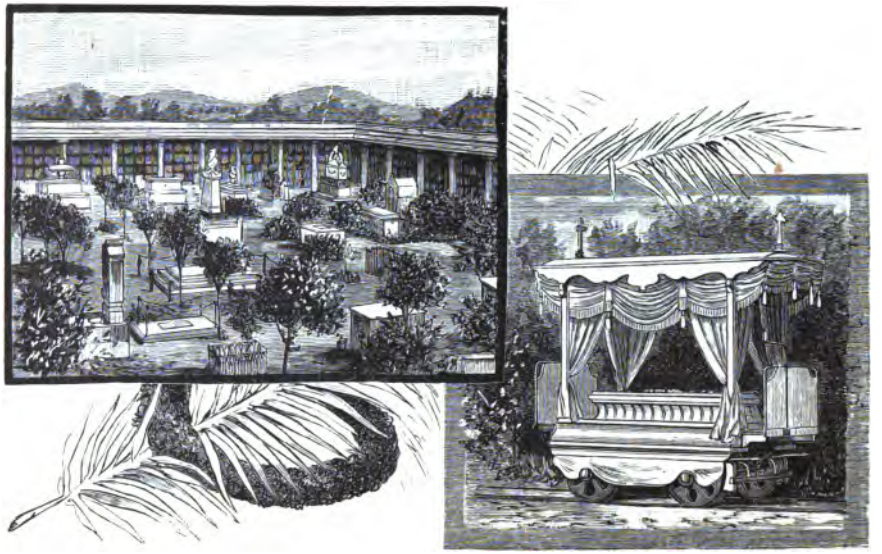
Ah, then you should see the wives, the babies who have been noting the brave soldiers all this time! They struggle forward, they clasp husband, father by the neck, hand, anywhere that they can get hold of him. They praise his beauty and his soldierly bearing, they insist on carrying his gun, they kiss him over and over again ;. and he is glad ; he is very glad. He sheds tears of joy as he trudges on toward one of the seven gates of the city.

Now and then he stops, catches up a half-naked child, presses it to his heart, kisses it over and over again ; and only sets its little naked brown feet again on the ground in order to take up another one of his miserable little children, and embrace it also.

All these soldiers are very, very small men. I have often seen them fairly stagger under the weight of their big, ugly muskets as they panted and perspired under a hot day's march in the country. At such times the little children lie thick along the line of march under cactus plants and in the shadow of stone walls, nearly dead from exhaustion, waiting for the poor, tired father to come back from the end of the day's march and take the little starved things to his heart.

The one special object of interest here by this storied plaza of Mexico City, after the palace, is the cathedral. It stands on the north side of the square facing the sun, as did the great heathen temple from the ruins of which it was built. This is the richest place of worship in the world, that is to say, it has more gold and silver in and about its altars and sacred places than any other like place now to be found on earth, if we are to believe our eyes.

And yet you hear it whispered that the great silver rails



Mexican Cemetery and Funeral Car.

around the altars here, as well as at the other rich church a league distant, are no longer solid silver; that the lofty golden candlesticks are no longer solid gold. But of this no one can say certainly except, perhaps, the few great dignitaries at the head of the Catholic Church in Mexico.

The music is fine here, certainly the finest of its kind in America. But the place is dirty and damp and gloomy from one end of the year to the other. A dozen or more deformed and repulsive creatures creep about the doors over the dirty stones, and implore you as you pass in to buy lottery tickets which they crumple in their dirty hands. You are not asked for any money, but there are plenty of little boxes tacked up here and there for the reception of whatever you may please to bestow.

There are many rare and costly pictures here in this glorious old cathedral; and yet the real pictures of Mexico, the pretty ones, the pathetic ones, the pictures that make you put your handkerchief to your eyes a dozen times a day are people themselves. How loving they are! How true they are to one another in all their misery, all their abject ignorance and most piteous poverty!

There is a little flower-garden and some great trees in the centre of the grand plaza, and here late in the afternoon the band plays, and the fashionable people congregate.

You should see the little brown gardener in broad hat and narrow white breechcloth at work in the flower-garden here in the grand plaza of Mexico City! You should see him mow the lawn. And how does he do it? Why, in the first place he squats flat down on his naked heels, and then he hitches himself along as fast as he cuts away the grass, without rising up or even lifting his head from his work. And what does he mow with? Why, a little piece of glass or rather of obsidian, the same as he used when Cortez came.

In digging up the stump of a eucalyptus-tree here last winter the gardener came to a stone which proved to be a huge and hideous idol. The government claims all such discoveries, and in excavating this idol for the fine museum in

the palace, two others were found. They weigh perhaps a ton each, and had long ago been tumbled down here, no doubt, by the Spaniards when they destroyed the temple to the Sun. It is said that many rare and curious things, as well as much gold and silver, are still buried here on the site of the pagan temple, but only the impoverished government can make excavations.

I have now described the eastern and the northern sides of the great square, the palace and the cathedral. The other two sides are made up entirely of broad porches. These porches reach out from fashionable stores and fine shops of all sorts, and are turned into little booths or bazaars by day and on till midnight. But, curious to tell, at and from the moment of midnight the porches belong to the people till sunrise!

A little before midnight those pretty little shops that blaze and brighten all day and till late at night begin to melt away. The Arab, the Turk, the Frenchman, the German, all sorts of storekeepers fold up their tents, and suddenly start out, as the little half-nude and helpless children of the sun steal in and lie down to rest on the hard stones of this half-mile of porches.

Till three in the morning when the sudden sun comes pouring over the low palace like a silver sea, and flooding their faces! They spring to their feet on the instant; they pour forth into the plaza in torrents; one, two, ten thousand people with their kindly copper faces lifted to the sun! They gather about the laughing fountains in the broad plaza, they laugh with the laughing water as they plunge their arms or their heads into flowing pools.

All the street-cars, more than a dozen lines of them, start from the grand plaza here, and never stop their gallop till they come to a station.

There is one very new and yet very solemn-looking and curious street-car starts here. It has a huge, black cross over its one broad, black platform, and is called "the car of the dead." The once long and dreary processions of priests for the dead are allowed no longer here. You go to your grave

by street-car in Mexico City now. This car starts every hour, and from the number of those who go out, but come not back, by this car, you would say that Mexico is a sickly city. But it is not so sickly as it seems. For in the first place all the dead, as a rule, are buried from this presence of the cathedral; and in the second place there are almost always two coffins to one corpse. One of these coffins holds the dead, the other holds flowers which are to be emptied upon the dead when in the grave.

How this seems to soften the whole hard fact of the funeral! One coffin holds beautiful sweet flowers; one — and you can't guess which one — holds the dead.

The poor people here — and they are, at least, nine to one — take all their dead to the grave on their backs. But they also always have the two coffins, and they also always come by way of the cathedral when on their way to the grave. There is a whole street close by the cathedral with nothing but coffins in it; but they are not all of them black and sombre. Some are a bright red, some are brilliant with painted roses, some are curiously marked by queer figure-paintings, and look like Egyptian work.

The poor never bury the coffin with the dead, it is always brought back, along with the narrow little box that was filled with roses. There are professional carriers for these occasions called "cargadaro." They sit around the grand plaza in dozens with little ropes in a girdle at the side. They always go in a trot, as if the dead had whispered, "Hurry up! I want to get out of this and rest in my bed of roses!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Boys of Mexico.

The Mexican boy has plenty of play, though he cares little for hoops or balls, tops, kites or marbles. Unless he is unusually poor he has a horse and saddle of his own, especially if he lives in the country; and no matter how poor he may be, he either has a donkey or can borrow one in five minutes.

He often learns to ride when he is so small that he has to climb up the fore leg of the horse, pull himself up by his mane, swing one leg over the neck of the horse and then slide down on its back. He soon learns to reach down from the saddle and pick up things from the ground while the horse is in motion.

One day, starting out to shoot ducks in the State of Durango, I was followed by a native boy about seven years old on horseback, who went to pick up the game.

It was almost as much sport to see him get the ducks as it was to shoot them. Through mud, water, brush, and among rocks, he rode at a gallop with about equal ease, always reaching down from the saddle to pick up a duck, and coming back with it like the wind.

Sometimes when the water was very deep he made his horse swim out to the duck; and if the mud were too deep along the edge of the pond he threw his lasso over the duck out in the water, and pulled it in to where he could reach it without getting his horse fast in the mud.

Learning to ride so early, and spending much of his time on the horse, the Mexican boy becomes a wonderful rider. He would not make a very graceful appearance in Central Park in New York, but there is no monkey in the museum there that can cling to a prancing horse more firmly than he can. And yet generally he rides without clinging at all. He does not press the horse with his knees or legs, but maintains

his position simply by keeping his balance. The most common plaything of the boy of Mexico, and the one he enjoys above all else, is the lasso, or riata. It takes the place of pea-shooters, popguns, slings, bows and arrows, and nearly all else but the horse, and is a plaything of which he seldom tires.

He begins to throw his mother's clothes-line as soon as he is able to make a noose in the end of it and coil it. With this he practises until he can throw it quite easily over a post, or the head of his younger brother. As soon as he begins to tire of this, for the reason that it does not show enough skill, he tries to catch the domestic animals as they run. To do this well requires a great deal of practice; but at last he becomes so skilful that he can cast the noose over any foot of an animal in full run, and soon afterward learns to do the same from the back of a horse while in full gallop.

Most of his early practice is upon the dog or cat, or some member of the family, or upon the goat or pig in the yard. Very soon the dogs and donkeys in the street begin to suffer; but when donkeys are scarce, and the dogs have all taken to their holes, the boys practise upon one another, taking turns in running past their comrades, and trying in all possible ways to avoid the noose with their feet.

Many of the dogs in Mexico have been lassoed so often that they will run for cover at the sight of a rope in a boy's hands; while others have become so hardened that they will stand and watch the rope with cool indifference, and spoil the boy's fun by not running at all.

This is a harmless amusement, for the rope is so light that it does not hurt, and animals learn to stop the moment the rope is fast around them. It is an amusement that might well be practised, under proper guidance, by boys in our own country; for the ability to coil a rope, and cast a noose over an object forty feet away in less than half a minute, is an accomplishment that may be useful in many ways before one is done with this world.

Mexican children are very seldom rude or saucy. They

are taught to be polite under all circumstances and to all people. Some parents would rather have their boy be almost anything else than a "grosero," or rude person. For this reason one hears little quarrelling or rough talk among children playing, and sees hardly any fighting or bullying of little boys by larger ones.

For the same reason Mexican boys are not as mischievous in many ways as the children of some other countries. The glass would stay for years in the windows of an empty house in Mexico, and one is never in danger of being tripped by a string stretched across the pavement.

Many of the children brought up away from the cities in Mexico never go to school, and never learn to read or write. On the great farms, or "haciendas," thousands of children are born, grow old and die without seeing or knowing anything of the great outside world. Some of these farms are larger than certain whole counties in the United States, and some of them have hundreds of laborers, all of whom, from father to son, are born, live and die on the same farm.

T. S. VANDYKE.



The Sea of the Discovery.

The Bahama Sea is perhaps the most beautiful of all waters. Columbus beheld it and its islands with a poet's eye.

"It only needed the singing of the nightingale," said the joyful mariner, "to make it like Andalusia in April;" and to his mind Andalusia was the loveliest place on earth. In sailing among these gardens of the seas in the serene and transparent autumn days after the great discovery, the soul of Columbus was at times overwhelmed and entranced by a sense of the beauty of everything in it and about it. Life seemed, as it were, a spiritual vision.

"I know not," said the discoverer, "where first to go; nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence."

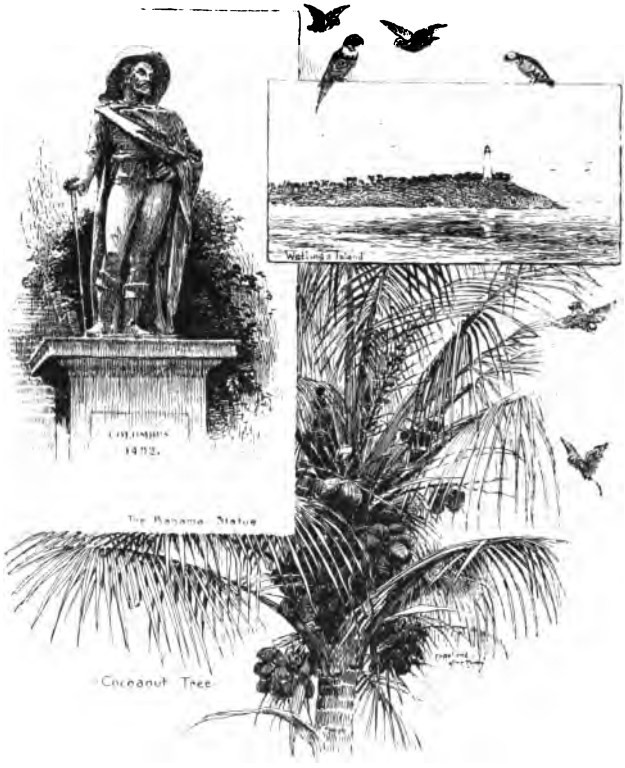
He speaks in a poet's phrases of the odorous trees, and of the clouds of parrots whose bright wings obscured the sun. His descriptions of the sea and its gardens are full of glowing and sympathetic colorings, and all things to him had a spiritual meaning.

"God," he said, on reviewing his first voyage over these Western waters, "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and earth, and told me where to find them. Charts, maps and mathematical knowledge had nothing to do with the case."

On announcing his discovery on his return, he breaks forth into the following highly poetic exhortation: "Let processions be formed, let festivals be held, let lauds be sung. Let Christ rejoice on earth!"

Columbus was a student of the Greek and Latin poets, and of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. The visions of Isaiah were familiar to him, and he thought that Isaiah himself at one time appeared to him in a vision. He loved nature. To

him the outer world was a garment of the Invisible; and it was before his great soul had suffered disappointment that he saw the sun-flooded waters of the Bahama Sea and the purple



splendors of the Antilles. There is scarcely an adjective in the picturesque report of Columbus in regard to this sea and these islands that is not now as appropriate and fitting as in the days when its glowing words delighted Isabella four hundred years ago.

I recently passed from the sea of Watling's Island, the

probable "San Salvador," to the point of Cuba discovered on the 28th of October, 1492, and to the coast of Haiti, the Hispaniola of Columbus, and the scene of the first settlement in the New World. I had studied the descriptions of Columbus, and almost every hour of the voyage brought them to mind like so many pictures.

Watling's Island was probably the first landfall of Columbus, and the scene of the dramatic events of the elevation of the cross, the singing of the Te Deum, and the unfurling of the banner of the double crowns of Leon and Castile on the red morning of October 12, 1492.

The San Salvador of the old maps, or Cat Island, a place now of some four thousand inhabitants, was not really the scene of Columbus's landing.

Watling's Island lies far out in the sea. It is cooled by waving palms, and is full of singing birds. It has a tall lighthouse tower painted white, which rises nobly over the water. Its light can be seen nearly twenty miles. As one sees it one recalls the fact that no friendly light except the night fagots of the Indians guided the eye of Columbus.

Watling's Island has a population of less than seven hundred souls, and is not often visited by large steamers. I secured some fine specimens of "sargasso," or gulfweed, in passing through this sea.

Over these waters continually drift fields of this peculiar seaweed. It is of a bright yellow color; it shines brilliantly in the sun, and at a distance presents a scene of dazzling splendor. The "berries," which sailors say are poisonous to certain kinds of fish, are very salt. The weed seems always to move west before the trade-winds.

Over these fields of shining drift, land birds came singing to the ships of the adventurers; and on one of the matted beds a land crab appeared — a sure indication of a near shore.

The crews of Columbus feared to enter the Sargasso Sea. They had been told that in sailing west they would come to a sea of monsters, and they feared that these ocean meadows might cover hidden foes and perils. The peculiar beauty of

the Bahama Sea is its clearness and deep purple color. This dark purple color is said to be the result of the "shadow of deep waters," though whether this is a scientific view I do not know. Under a cloudless sky the sea is luminous purple.

A cloud shadow changes this royal hue into emerald. One gazes down into deeps unknown, and sees the pairs of dolphins as clearly as the white-winged birds overhead. One's eye follows the flying-fishes as clearly when they go down as when they dart into the open air. One here dreams of coral gardens, of sea-nymphs, and recalls the ancient poets' conceptions of Oceanus and Neptune. All fancies seem possible to the creative imagination here.

On the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, or the Columbian Seas, grow the most abundant cocoanut groves in the world. The trees are graceful and lofty, and as a rule are slanted by the winds. They bear a solid burden of fruit.

"I have counted from forty to fifty cocoanuts on a single tree!" I said to an officer of my steamer, in surprise.

"I have counted a hundred," was his answer.

It seems unaccountable that so slender a trunk can hold aloft in the air such a weight of fruit.

The nuts are not only numerous on a single palm, but of great size. A single nut often yields a pitcher of cocoanut water, or two goblets, as we might say. The palms of all the islands must be as fruitful to-day as when the first voyagers saw them.

Columbus speaks of flocks of parrots that "darkened the sun." Such flocks do not appear now, but in every port of the Antilles there is a parrot market. The natives love their parrots, and the cool trees and drinking-stands of the parrot market make a popular place of resort.

As a rule, the birds are not confined in cages. They are left to climb about on the booths in which cocoanut water and cool drinks are sold. The people extend their hands to them, and the birds walk into them for the sake of gifts, caresses and admiration.

Women kiss these parrots, and hold their heads close to

their lips when talking to them. The birds are usually jealous and ungrateful, and have but little to commend them but their art of begging and their beauty.

Nearly all cities in Latin America have statues to Colon, or Columbus. One of the most beautiful of these is in the Paseo of the City of Mexico. These statues usually represent the great mariner as of most distinguished appearance; lofty, chivalrous, poetic.

The statue to Columbus in Nassau in the Bahamas is quite a different conception. We find in it the sturdy and traditional English tar. It is what Columbus might have been had he been born an Englishman. As England herself has been in effect transported to Nassau, New Providence, so has art here been made to take on her type and expression.

The glory of the Bahama Sea is the night. A sudden hush falls upon the purple serenity; the sunset flames, and the day is done. The roof of heaven seems low, and the stars come out like silver suns.

One does not need to look upward to see the stars, but down. The heavens are below as well as above; the sky is in the sea.

The shadowy forms of pairs of dolphins pass under the transparent waters almost as distinctly as by day. The atmosphere, sky and sea all blend as one world.

Amid such unimagined brilliancy and splendor the soul becomes a revelation to herself in the consciousness of beauty-worship, and thought takes wings.

One recalls the pictures that Columbus gives of the expansion of his own soul. One here feels a longing to attain larger knowledge and all that is best in life, and wonders what new discoveries may await the spiritual faculties in wider horizons than these. Wherever he may go, the tourist will ever return in memory to the Sea of the Great Discovery. It is the paradise of the ocean world; the temple gate of the West.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

Housekeeping on a Desert Island.

It was once my lot to keep house for a fortnight or so on a desert island among the Bahamas; a gentleman having been good enough to place his vacant house on one of the "out islands" at our disposal.

The island was some six miles long, with several surrounding "cays," as islets are termed in those regions, which belonged to the same proprietor. This property lay some thirty miles south of Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, and as no ships ever went there we hired a steamer to take us and our belongings to our new abode.

The belongings were considerable on the occasion, for the house was unfurnished, and there was no shop or store within thirty miles of it. So we had to take bedding, tables and chairs, pots and pans, eatables and drinkables, household necessaries of all sorts, as well as three children, a governess, three servants, a goat to give us milk, a monkey, a parrot and two little ground doves.

We anchored in a little harbor formed by some sheltering rocks; our luggage and furniture were lowered into a boat and landed in a heap on the sandy beach. There every one shouldered whatever he could, and under a burning sun we toiled up to the house, which stood on the top of a hill and was about a quarter of a mile off.

I was laden with part of a paraffin stove. The children insisted on dragging along the largest boxes and bundles they could find. The servants and sailors brought up the rear with the remainder of our possessions.

We found a negro and his family in charge of the house. On our arrival they moved into a hut close by, and we proceeded to settle down for the night as best we could.

The house was of good size, and divided into rooms by partitions that only went half-way up to the roof, so as to give

free circulation. It was thatched with palm-leaves, and had a wide veranda running all around it. Furniture there was none except two tables and a bench or two.

While supper was preparing we spread out our mattresses and made arrangements for the night. It was not possible to hang up mosquito curtains for the first night, and indeed we



On the Beach.

did not particularly care to do so, for we had been told that sand-flies and mosquitoes were unknown on Highbourne Cay.

We were speedily undeceived. Our first night there was an awful experience. Millions of sand-flies and swarms of mosquitoes made life unbearable and night hideous. We were all very tired, but no one slept at all. As everything was open our moans and revilings were audible to all, and we compared our miseries.

Finally I got up and, wearied and woebegone, wandered up and down the veranda, longing for day and wondering if life on a desert island were worth living. At last the welcome dawn restored us to cheerfulness.

Instead of the ordinary tub in one's bedroom, a dip in the warm, clear, blue sea was delicious of a morning. As we had the island to ourselves, we donned our bathing-dresses in the house and walked down in them to the shore, a large palm-leaf doing duty as a sunshade.

The path to the beach lay through the bush. Most of the shrubs were in flower, and waxy-white blossoms of an unknown species filled the air with a delicious scent. Near to the strand great trails of snow-white passion-flowers stretched out their graceful length, and masses of orchids with sprays four or five feet high, of old-gold, purple and brown flowers swung gently to and fro in the breeze.

When we lay down on the coral sand, soft as satin, the tiny waves rippling gently over us, while little silvery fishes swam lazily around, the miseries of the past night were forgotten, and it seemed as though the world could offer nothing more delightful than existence on a desert island.

Our breakfast, if in the orthodox style in such places, ought to have consisted of turtles' eggs, breadfruit and cocoanut milk; but the island afforded none of those dainties, and we had to content ourselves with eggs supplied by the caretaker's hens and the contents of mundane tins from cooperative stores.

The only incident of an unusual nature connected with the meal was that my little girl, while milking the goat, was observed to have a large centipede taking its morning stroll over her hair. The creature was knocked off and killed by the trusty negro caretaker before it did any mischief.

We had sent down a small sailing-boat from Nassau, so as to be able to communicate with civilization if necessary. The sailor belonging to it acted as our cook.

After the experience of our first night we took precautions against our tormentors, and afterward slept in comparative

peace. Large fires were lighted around the house. All doors and windows were tightly closed before sunset, and not opened till the moon was well up, when we crept under the mosquito nets and set our winged foes at defiance.

We still had midnight visitors, but of a more agreeable kind. Large fire-beetles flew in at the unglazed windows, lighting up the rooms with living fairy-lights. Small birds twittered on the rafters; little crabs rattled gaily over the floor; friendly geckoes croaked from the roof, or busied themselves with an attack on the winged pests.



Geckoes are lizards six or seven inches long, of a pale yellowish color, mottled with brown, with rings of brown on the tail. They are generally found in sheds and the roofs of houses. They are harmless, useful, and are easily tamed, becoming full of confidence when unmolested.

After some days our meals of poultry and tinned meats became monotonous; and hearing that iguanas were found on a neighboring cay, my husband sailed over to procure some. The iguana is a lizard which feeds on fruits and vegetables. It grows to three or four feet in length, and its flesh is considered delicate eating.

The cay where creatures of this sort were found was flat and rocky, and the iguanas had their strongholds in the numerous fissures and cracks. Long search had not been made before an iguana was seen to retreat into a cavity. A

fire was lighted at the entrance to smoke him out. When the poor animal could stand the smoke no longer, a scurry was heard and out he rushed through the smoldering embers, only to be shot.

As soon as a sufficient number had been taken to supply our present needs, one was secured alive and brought back to me. It was about two feet long — a thick, heavy, blackish lizard with a crest down the back of his neck. We put a cord round his body and tied him to a tree near the veranda. If one went near him he snapped viciously and sometimes ran at one and seized anything on which he could lay hold in his mouth, just like a wicked dog.

His companions, whom we tried in the form of a pie, had delicate white flesh resembling chicken or veal.

When the stock of vegetables which we brought with us was exhausted, the caretaker produced another edible novelty in the shape of a head of "mountain cabbage." This is supplied by a palm-tree, a portion of the trunk of which is edible. These palms grow abundantly on Highbourne and the neighboring cays. Wild hogs, numerous on some of the latter, lived almost solely on these palms, tearing down the smaller trees and ripping them open with their tusks to get at the succulent heart.

The cabbage palm brought on this occasion to us was not a good specimen. When cooked it looked like huge and very stringy sugar-cane, and tasted like succulent wood.

I have often since eaten mountain cabbage. When of the proper kind it is extremely good. Eaten raw it has a nutty flavor, and makes an excellent salad. When cooked it looks rather like very white cabbage, but the flavor is much finer and more delicate.

Sometimes we went out fishing for our dinner, or collected great pink conch-shells in the shallow water by the shore. The fish in them made a capital soup.

Our days glided by in delightful monotony. All our meals were served on the veranda, and there we spent the heat of the day, busy at our various occupations.

To the full we tasted on our desert island that pleasure unknown to dwellers in cities, and rarely experienced in northern climes — the pleasure of mere existence.

Hammocks hung from the beams, and a swing in one was very agreeable. The view all around was charming. An undulating foreground of thick bush, composed of silver palmettos; lignum vitæ covered with bunches of azure flowers; seven-year apples with star-like white blossoms having a delicious fragrance, and trees and shrubs innumerable, of unknown names and beautiful foliage — sloped down to a turquoise sea stretching far as the eye could reach, and dotted with little gray and green islands.

Between the bush and the sea lay a band of coral beach, shimmering in the sunshine like a broad silken ribbon; in the foreground grew some fine "wild rose apples," as they are locally termed; their botanical name I have forgotten. The foliage is very dark green, and the branches bear clusters of brilliant scarlet flowers. On the backs of the large, leathery leaves beautiful little iridescent green and blue beetles make their home.

The wing-cases of these beetles are clear and like glass, the beautiful colors showing through the glassy substance, but disappearing on the death of the insect.

The air was full of perfume, the eye feasted with harmonious forms and glowing colors, the body refreshed by cool yet balmy breezes; and we drank in health and strength from an open-air life, unhampered by conventionalities and unembittered by the struggle for existence.

LADY BLAKE.

A Trip to Santo Domingo.

Would you like to get on board a steamship for a voyage to the island of Santo Domingo? It may be only a dream steamship to you, but it is the image of one in which I did make that voyage, some time ago.

Let us suppose that I have you all on board, the anchor weighed, and the harbor of New York fading in the distance.

Your first hour on board will probably be passed in putting your books and clothes into something like order. While you are about this, dinner will be announced, but if the wind happens to be ahead, the rolling and pitching of the vessel may make you think of something very different, viz., your bed, and how to get into it. You try to do this, and everything seems to be against you.

Your books come tumbling down from the upper berth, in which you had laid them. Your travelling bag rolls over upon your feet and hurts them. Your portable inkstand, which you imprudently got out in order to write down your last impressions of New York, falls out of the rack into the wash-basin, and sprinkles the premises with ink.

You feel very ill, and it makes you worse to hear the vessel strain in the sea, with doleful noises, as if her wooden sides were in pain.

At last, with the help of steward or stewardess, you are properly undressed, and your dizzy head is glad to rest upon a hard, rather damp pillow.

Rock, rock, rock. If you are not very ill, the motion soon lulls you to sleep, and in the darkness of the night you only hear the boatswain's whistle, piping, shrill and sweet, and the heavy steps of the sailors who come up on deck and go below when the watch is changed.

But we will suppose that these rough days are past, and that our ship is now carried smoothly over the tropical sea by

a favorable wind. The seasick folk are all up and dressed, though not in their best clothes. They begin to laugh at their late misfortunes.

How bright the sky is, and how warm is the sunshine! The thought of dinner becomes a pleasant one, as the sea air gives the recovered patients a keen appetite.

If you look over the side of the vessel, you will see quantities of gulfweed, yellow sprays that look almost golden in the blue water. You may fish for this, if you will, with a long string and a large pin bent to serve as a hook.

When you have caught a bit of it, and have drawn it on board, you will find it a coarse, common seaweed, not worth preserving.

You will see here and there, too, the Portuguese man-of-war. This is a shell-fish called a nautilus, which looks as if it carried a tiny sail on the surface of the water.

Shoals of flying-fish dart out of the sea, and fall back into it. If a few should be caught on deck, they will be found very nice when fried.

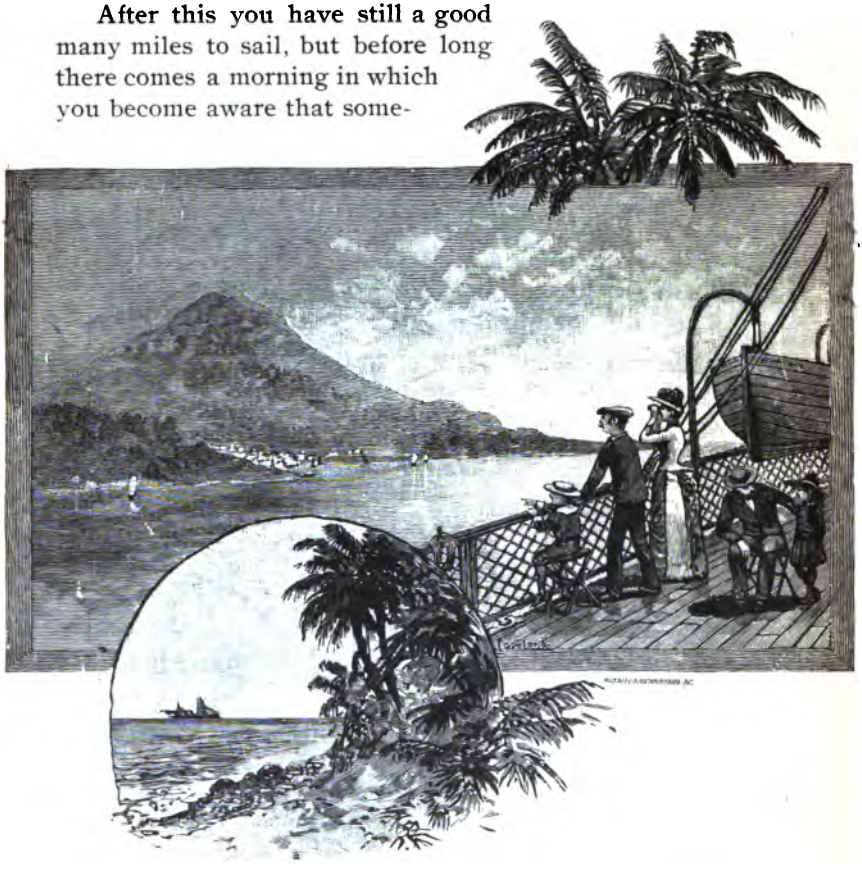
Meantime the weather grows very warm. It is perhaps only four days since you came on board wrapped in your winter furs and wadded coat. Now you find summer clothing very comfortable, and a broad shade hat indispensable, for the glare of the light upon the water is very trying to the eyes.

At sunset you see such wonderful clouds of every shape! There is one which looks like a party of ladies with queer bonnets, which melt and change as fashions really do. There is a lion galloping after a dog. Now the dog changes to a lizard, and the lion to a whale. There is a group of fiery, untamed horses, which presently take the shape of a monstrous giant, who loses his head, and in turn melts into something else equally strange and unsubstantial.

As night comes on, the sky seems to turn into black velvet, studded with diamond stars. You can stay on deck until bedtime without danger, and when you bid your friends good-night, even the voices of dear ones sound sweeter in the soft, tropical air than elsewhere.

On one of these nights you pass a distant light which looks almost like a star very near its setting. They tell you that this is Turk's Island light, and your heart is cheered by the sight of something that is really on land.

After this you have still a good many miles to sail, but before long there comes a morning in which you become aware that some-



thing has caused new excitement and activity on board the steamer. Then comes a knock at your door, and the cry :—

"Porto Plata is in sight! Come out and have a look at Mount Isabel!"

You run out, wondering if this can be true, and are astonished to see the lofty mountain, rising sharp and sheer against the cloudless sky. At its base lies the pretty, thriving little town whose name you have just heard.

The ship is just steaming into the harbor. Presently she comes to anchor in the roadstead. Boats rowed by negroes come alongside, and the health and customs officers come on board.

There is much shaking of hands and chattering in Spanish and in English. You walk carefully down the companion-way, and the boats soon land you at the long wooden causeway, which in turn soon brings you to "terra firma." No matter how well you may like the sea, it is a great pleasure to find yourself on land again.

The steamer stays but one day at Porto Plata, but this gives you time to see much that is new and amusing. In the first place, you will look at the little carts, drawn each by one bullock, which are driven down into the shallow water to receive the goods brought from the steamer in large boats called lighters.

Then you will like to walk through the streets and to look at the shops, which display many curious things.

Among other commodities, the fruits of the country will interest you. Passing by the market, you will see heaps of golden oranges, which are offered you by the thousand. Bananas are sold in huge bunches. You can buy one of these bunches for twenty-five cents. It would cost you five dollars in New York or Boston. Then there are sapodillas, with russet skin and orange pulp surrounding a large polished stone; and arimoyas, purple in color and full of milky juice; and sour-sop, or guanabana, of which the juice only is used. This latter fruit looks like a soft, green pine-apple. Its flavor resembles a combination of pine-apple and strawberry. You can squeeze it to obtain juice, but if you attempt to bite into it, you will find nothing but a tough fibre, which is quite uneatable.

In these warm climates, people usually rise very early and

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board before dark, as the boat which brings you might upset, in which case these sea-monsters would be very ready to make a hasty meal, without distinction of persons.

In the early, early morning, while you are still sleeping soundly, the anchor is weighed and the steamer starts for Samana, which will be our next stopping-place.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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